



Coffee Problems



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Chapter 1 by Brandon Morton

First thing in the morning, Chris Smith started his usual routine opened the cafe door. He stepped in and straight away wished he hadn't. There his friend, who he didn't want to talk to right now, stood at the end of the long line that stood in front of him. He waited a few minutes and another person walked to the end. He slipped in to the line and chose his coffee. About five minutes later he got to the front. All of a sudden lost focus and started choosing his cake. "Sir" the man over the counter asked. "Sir are you alright". Chris snapped back and reddened. He had held up the line for at least a minute and everyone stared at him. He ordered his double shot espresso and sat down in the dark corner. With no one else. He heard the music. It felt slow and sad. It reminded him of Beck he lost three months earlier. He zoned out, thinking about Beck. He hadn't noticed his coffee when it came and so when he zoned back in he almost knocked it over. Ever since she died he had been having strong coffees. He wouldn't drink alcohol again because Beck died drink driving.

He had gone home from his friends party one night to find nothing but a note Beck had left saying she had gone to the pub and she would be back late. He went to bed. The next day he had found a newspaper on his lawn. He took it inside and read it. The head line stated, Woman died in car crash aged 36. A women aged 36 died in a car crash. He couldn't read anymore. No, that can't have been Beck, but it was. It felt tragic. She died, Beck. Gone. He felt shocked. But that happened three months ago. He took his coffee and left. It smelt like a bitter bean.

As he walked out he almost got ran over by a lady running with a pram. He hated it. People running around and not looking where they are going. He hated everything in the world now. Chris ended up being ten minutes late to work. He stepped into the elevator and went to floor

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straight. Chris woke to the sound of his phone. He picked up his phone, it said and asked "Did you find anything". He responded saying "Yes, B.H. is Brent Henderson"

"Who is Brent Henderson?"

"He is a young teen who can't help drinking and drugs are a small problem in his life. He also has no parents."

"So he killed my wife"

"No, he had been drunk driving and he turned a red light and hit your wife's car. He smashed into the side of her car."

"Killing her?"

"Yep, it killed her"

Chris couldn't believe it. He had lived for all this time on the sorrow that his wife had killed herself and he couldn't take it in. He just couldn't. Rebecca and a young teen in a crash. He almost for the teen because he would have been distraught by the idea that he killed someone. He hadn't experienced the world. He just sat there. If he knew he wouldn't have been so torn up. It hurt so much. The best person in his life. Dead. He turn and went to have a shower as the man left. He had a freezing cold shower to wake him up. He thought about everything that had happened in the last few months. Life made all things so difficult. He went to work and had a third shot in his coffee. He went through his usual routine of elevator, desk, and chair. It felt all too familiar. But it felt wrong. The lights were dimmer than usual. He called the front desk to ask about the lights. Before he could speak the lady asked him if he knew a man named Brent Henderson.

"Yes I know him." Chris replied

"Well he would like to see you"

Chris didn't know what to say. He pondered for a second and then decided to meet him. He had a plan in mind....

He went down stairs and saw the boy. He looked tall, strong-looking, and had brown hair. He waved hello to Chris whom felt a shocked that a boy like this could be an alcoholic. He barely looked 16 let alone allowed to drink or drive. Chris felt taken-aback, Brent a perfect boy who didn't have a family. He had to forgive him. Brent asked "Are you okay. I'm sorry about your wi "

Chris stopped him saying "Stop. Can we just go and have a coffee"

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For a few months Chris and Brent went to the coffee shop every day to get to know each other really well. Over that time Chris and Brent went to the coffee shop every day thinking and he decided

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that he would adopt Brad and give him a family and an education and care for the rest of his life...

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